THE PACIFIC

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Reading Room

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THE SONG OF FAITH.

Day will return with a fresher boon;
  God will remember the world!
Night will come with a newer moon;
  God will remember the world!

Evil is only the slave of good,
  Sorrow the servant of joy,
And the soul is mad that refuses food
  Of the meanest in God's employ.

The fountain of joy is fed by tears,
  And love is lit by the breath of sighs;
The deepest griefs and wildest fears
  Have holiest ministries.

Strong grows the oak in the sweeping storm,
  Safely the flower sleeps under the snow,
And the farmer's hearth is never warm
  Till the cold wind starts to blow.

Day will return with a fresher boon;
  God will remember the world!
Night will come with a newer moon;
  God will remember the world!

—J. G. Holland.

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It was a little three-year-old boy in the kindergarten department of one of our Sunday-schools who said not long ago that there were three things to which he liked to go: "The circus, the Sunday-school and the dog show." His teacher was pleased in that he got the Sunday-school in the center of the three things,—if not first.

Among the promising signs of the times is the growing co-operation of Roman Catholics with Protestants in various good works. It was this which led the organizer of a Presbyterian mission Sunday-school among railroad workers at Phoenix, Arizona, to go, not long ago, to the Sisters of Mercy at the St. Joseph hospital in that city and ask for the gift of an unused organ which he had seen standing for some time on the porch of the hospital. The request was granted without a dissenting voice.

In the home department of The Pacific last week, in an article entitled "Don'ts for Mothers," there was the following: "Don't expect the average nursemaid to give the intelligent attention you would yourself give. Had she your brains she would not be a nursemaid." In that last sentence there is an unwarranted statement. Some nursemaids have more brains than some mothers have; and the doing of such a work does not stamp one as lacking in brains or ability. We try to guard carefully the columns of The Pacific, and regret that that paragraph in an otherwise excellent article appeared.

It is a royal welcome which is being extended to our fleet of battleships in Southern California. Had our coast been actually threatened by some foreign power it could not have been a more gladsome expression. Evidently the people of the Pacific coast believe in battleships—else the fleet would not be moving up along our coast with such pageantry of welcome. Fondly as we wish for it, the time has not come for disarmament. And with the Pacific ocean and its shores the great arena of the world's future there will be needed here long time yet some such fleet as our far-seeing President ordered to these waters a few months ago.

The drift of Roman Catholics in Italy away from the church was admitted a few days ago by Archbishop Messmer of Milwaukee—even a drifting of many of them into infidelity. It is becoming more evident every year now that the church in all its branches is being severely tried, and it cannot go on as it now is without losing its hold on the world. Both Protestantism and Catholicism must reform and transform themselves; and when this shall have been done thoroughly we shall have no Protestantism and no Catholicism. We mean by this that they will be one. For the good of man and the glory of God may that glad day come speedily!

Writing concerning the Apocalyptic visions, in one of his recent volumes in the series, "Expositions of Holy Scripture," the Rev. Dr. Alexander Maclaren says. "I do not pretend to interpret the scenery and the setting of these Apocalyptic visions with dogmatic confidence, but it seems to me as if the emblems of this final vision coincide with dim hints in many other portions of Scripture, to the effect that some cosmical change having passed upon this material world in which we dwell, it, in some degenerated form, shall be the final abode of a regenerated and redeemed humanity. That, I think, is the natural interpretation of a great deal of Scriptural teaching." It has long been a favorite thought of the present writer that this earth would some time be the habitation of God's redeemed children —that they would not be confined to this one sphere, but be able to move through the whole wide universe.

San Francisco has passed the second anniversary of its great disaster, and it is now evident on every hand that a far more beautiful and a much more substantial city will soon stand on the old site. Many stately buildings, carried to the stage of completion, now greet the eye, and a much larger number will be completed before another anniversary shall have arrived. As we survey from time to time what has been done, and what is being done, we do not wonder that Whitelaw Reid, our Ambassador to Great Britain, said recently in London: "There are many things in the history of this country of which an American is intensely proud, but I protest that among them all there has been nothing in forty odd years, since the greatest civil war of modern times, of which we have more right to be proud than of San Francisco in the earthquake and of San Francisco today."

CHRONICLE AND COMMENT.

Superintendent Powell of the Home Missionary Society writes of a growing sentiment in Montana against gambling and liquor. It is said that the anti-wine and anti-gambling laws passed by the last legislature were championed by a Roman Catholic member from Butte, who led the reform forces. Both the Roman Catholic bishops in Montana are total abstainers and strong advocates of temperance.

The statistics show that the average contributions of Episcopalians for church purposes in all American dioceses is $20.62 per communicant. The diocese of Pittsburg leads all the rest with an average of $34.68, and the lowest average is reached in West Texas, $9.76 per communicant. New York, considered to be the richest diocese in the country, ranks fifth in the list according to contributions. It is surpassed by Pittsburg, Pennsylvania, Los Angeles and California.

A captain in the United States army, who is a Roman Catholic, about to go with his regiment to Alaska, has written to the Y. M. C. A., saying: "I am a most ardent admirer of the Association. I have

seen the extraordinary influence for good which it exercises on our soldiers. I saw its great benefit during the insurrection in the Philippines, when your secretary labored there so untiringly and devotedly. I shall strive to have my men affiliate with the Association by becoming active members."

An article in the Atlantic Monthly shows that cities in other countries are growing as rapidly as any in the United States. "We think Chicago a miracle but since 1870 Berlin has grown relatively and absolutely faster than Chicago, the Greater Berlin having today a population of over three millions. Thirty years ago the population of Leipzig was less than 150,000; today it is more than half a million. Hamburg then had almost precisely the same population as Boston; today, although Boston's growth has been so great, Hamburg, with more than 800,000 people, is larger than Boston; the growth of her commerce has been vastly greater, and her docks and port facilities are incomparably finer."

A movement for the closing of shops in Rome on Sunday was inaugurated not long ago. A correspondent writes: "The movement is due to lay initiative, although supported from the Vatican. Some years ago Cardinal Parrochi, then the pope's vicar general, issued a decree warning the Catholic shopkeepers that doing business on Sundays constituted a violation of the laws of the Church. However, the abuse did not cease. Now workingmen have themselves come to the conclusion that they need one day's rest in seven, and have held mass meetings tending to promote their present contention. Pius X is much interested, and has detailed some prelates to see what they can do to advance the cause."

Next month 2,135 farms will be placed on the market by the United States. Purchasers will be given ten years' time in which to pay. The area of the farms will range from ten to 160 acres and they are made available by the completion and development of irrigation projects in the West. In Nevada, in connection with the Truckee-Carson project, farms of eighty acres can be taken up with an entry fee of $3 to $8 per acre annually for ten years. There are 1,000 of these farms. In Oregon 200 farms will be available on the Umatilla project of from ten to twenty acres. These lands will cost from $600 to $1,200. In South Dakota, on the Belle Forche project, 175 farms will be available in tracts of eighty acres; in Wyoming 200 on the North Platt project, and 200 on the Shoshone project, costing from $600 to $1,200.

The Canadian parliament has been discussing the question of an export duty on pulp wood. This has come about because of the rapidly decreasing supply of pulp wood, suitable for the manufacture of paper, in the United States, and the recommendation of President Roosevelt in his last annual message to remove the duty on Canadian wood pulp. Certain Canadian statesmen, taking a long look into the future, desire to guard against the exhaustion of their own forests by obstructing the free exportation of Canadian pulp wood to the United States. Others, believing the supply to be almost inexhaustible, are willing their forests should be used to meet the needs of the United States, but think it is poor business to send us the raw wood, worth only about $6 per cord, when by manufacturing that cord of wood into pulp in their own mills, they can make it worth $30 to $32, or $40 to $45 if made into paper. Besides the vast increase in value, employment would thus be given to Canadian labor. So they propose to place an export duty on pulp wood, heavy enough to be prohibitive, thus compelling us to use their pulp or paper instead. Canada is now exporting to the United States about 700,000 tons of pulp wood annually. This, however, is as yet but a small part of the pulp wood used in American mills—which last year was 3,600,000 cords. The most impressive fact brought out, in this discussion, so far as the United States is concerned, was that this country admits the raw material of the paper industry free, while maintaining a high duty against the manufactured product—pulp and paper.. This tariff legislation has played directly into the hands of the paper trust.

PULPIT PARAGRAPHS.

Chas. R. Brown.

The Unseen Aids.

There are two kinds of men everywhere, men of sight and men of insight. The men in the first class can see buildings and fences, money and swords, trees and horses, and that is about all they can see. Men of insight see all this and estimate its value, but they see a great deal more.

Elisha was a man of insight. He knew how the moral and spiritual forces enter, in strange but genuinely effective ways, into all contests. He saw a mighty Syrian army encompassing the city he loved, but he saw above and beyond them the hosts of heaven swinging into the field. And when the prophet prayed for the young man at his side, his eyes also were opened, "and he saw the mountain full of horses and chariots."

We need not try to draw a hard and fast line between the prose and the poetry of the narrative. When orientals write they put in abundance of color, of metaphor and symbol. The plain truth of the matter seems to be that events were ordered there as everywhere with reference to their ultimate bearing on moral ends. A plague broke out in the Syrian army to their great discomfiture; a panic ensued one night when they thought they heard the tread of an advancing army coming to the relief of the city; all this led to disorder and a speedy retreat—thus on the very edge of famine the besieged city was relieved. It was not by might nor by power, but by Unseen Aids that deliverance came.

The value of a good name is one of these unseen aids, unable though we are to definitely and accurately estimate the exact power of it. Let any young man go straight along telling the truth, not some fancy substitute for it, dealing honestly in money matters and in all matters, clean in action and association, in thought and desire, showing the law of kindness in his attitudes toward his fellows, showing reverence toward God in the whole bearing of his life—let him choose this mode of life and he builds for himself inevitably a certain estimate in the mind of the community where he lives. And when the day comes that a Syrian army comes out against him in some form of disaster, he will find his good name a tower of strength, adding immeasurably to his ability to gain deliverance.

The power of public opinion, intangible, indefinite though it is—almost as much so as the horses which the young man saw in the hills of Samaria—is a

mighty aid to righteousness. Here and there and yonder it is taking shape and finding utterance—and when once released it becomes effective for great results. It was public opinion which finally destroyed slavery. The issue was not clear at the beginning of the war, but the underlying moral values in the struggle gradually took definite shape in the minds of the people, and when Lincoln finally voiced this sentiment in his Emancipation Proclamation popular feeling at the North was ready to sustain him.

It is a widely diffused public opinion which is slowly but plainly writing the doom of the open saloon. It is the growing recognition of the net result of the barroom, when we weigh over against any pleasure or convenience it may afford, the crime, the pauperism, the economic and moral loss it works, which is arraying community after community against it. Public opinion is our main reliance in the world of ndustry. The employer who rips out an oath whenever the labor union is mentioned, saying in flippant fashion, "I'll show them that I propose to run my own business in my own way," is a back number. The labor leader who is touchy, up in the air at the drop of a hat, ready to cast his influence in favor of strike or boycott on the slightest provocation is also a back number. "Labor organization has had dramatic success in promoting loyalty and sacrifice, but now that it has become an economic force of high power the time has come to determine whether its reckless use shall become a social menace, or its scientific insulation a social service," and public opinion is forcing the careful consideration of this vital question.

The sense of an alliance, offensive and defensive, with the God of Hosts, becomes a mighty aid. In the last analysis, "the battle is the Lord's." He is responsible for our being here; He is responsible for our having all these grave problems on our hands. And for the final solution, for the complete victory of righteousness, his Infinite Strength stands pledged. The very sense of such co-operation and reinforcement makes us strong—it is like the vision of a mountain full of horses and chariots coming to our aid. "The angel of the Lord encampeth round about them that fear Him."—this is the language of poetry, and it stands in a song, but it is the poetry of verifiable experience.

PRIVILEGES OF THE WANDERERS ABROAD.

R. B. Hassell.

We linger for a few days at Rafallo for the sake of the sunshine and the sea air. Here the Mediterranean runs up into the heart of the mountains. A southern exposure with rocky promontories on either side shuts out the March winds. During the winter we have sometimes longed for the ampler warmth of an American home, and now appreciate the privilege of resting a little in this genial Italian clime.

But we have enjoyed much greater privileges in our wanderings. Greatest, perhaps, was to be in the annual meeting of the London Congregational Council. It was a stirring session and every moment had a special bearing on the work of the largest local body of our order in the world. Working committees made their reports. Discussion followed, opened by such men as Sylvester Horne and Dr. R. F. Horton. No attempt was made to hide the fact that the Congregational problem is the same in England as in America. It is increasingly difficult to get the ear of a pleasure-loving, money-seeking generation and to overcome the reluctance of the Christian purse. Nevertheless energies are redoubled and the hosts go on to victory. With all their usual reserve funds exhausted and a considerable sum needed to balance the year, there was to be no shortening of the lines. Larger things were asked of the churches, and "Praise God" was sung in the assurance of a better day.

The most inspiring thing of the council was the plan reported for the great Missionary Exposition which is to open in London in June and continue for some weeks. It will bring together for exhibition a mass of interesting material from the great world field. It will show in the most instructive and interesting way possible the present need of missionary work and the definite results already attained. It can hardly fail to increase the interest in missions and to swell the funds immediately available for aggressive work. The scale on which the exposition is planned entitles it to rank with the world's industrial expositions of the past, while the purpose of it is infinitely higher. Not for gain and the glory of men is this, but that the coming of the kingdom of God among men may be hastened. In order that the largest results may be obtained, 10,000 stewards have been appointed from among the Congregational laity. Through them a campaign of missionary instruction and of missionary collections is being systematically forwarded in all the churches.

At the evening session of the Council the City Temple was crowded to overflowing. Admission was by ticket. Not less than 3,000 listened to Dr. Jowett on "The Man of Vision" and remained to the communion service that followed, presided over by Dr. Horton. We cannot put into words the beautiful solemnity of the occasion and one doubts if it could be experienced outside of England. It needs the spirit of reverence, and that is so much stronger in an English audience than with us. This is not said in criticism. The American likes to sit up straight, fearful lest he lose something of sincerity. The Englishman bends that he may encourage the spirit of reverence. Both are recompensed, but who will say that the universal English manner of such a service is not the best. As president Dr. Horton, in his wise and tender way, successfully endeavored to deepen the spirit which already prevailed. Dr. Jowett's sermon was worthy of its setting. He is one of the world's great preachers. He has a message which he puts with rare persuasiveness. There are no tricks of speech with him, but the Anglo-Saxon strength and simplicity of it hold the unwavering attention of every one. He pictured Paul as hearing the man from Macedonia just as we may hear the call of a needy world today if we are of the same courageous and willing spirit.

In the City Temple one Sunday morning we heard R. J. Campbell on "The Kingdom of God." The body of the house was well filled. The address was largely a repetition of what he had said before from the same platform and took the form of a personal defense. That was its only weakness. We all forget sometimes that it is best to eliminate self from the equation and remember that truth needs proclaiming, not defending. Judged from that Sunday morning's sermon on "The Kingdom," Mr. Campbell's views on Christian socialism differ little from those we have heard from many American pulpits in the past. No impractical programs were suggested. There is to be an evolution.

The spirit of the Christian brotherhood is to be applied in community relations. He is a speaker of great gifts, and if he escapes the defensive attitude which cultivates enemies instead of friends and has overthrown so many prophets before him, he will continue as a reform leader. Socialism is in the air in England, much more so than with us. The great dailies are fighting it with an indiscriminating bitterness, as if it were altogether evil. But the leading pulpits do not hesitate to recognize practical ways for giving Christian direction to a movement whsoe avowed object is more of brotherhood and a better day.

Of course we heard Sylvester Horne. It was in his old pulpit near Highgate. He was at his best, passionately attacking the indifference of the Christian world and pleading for Christian ambition to overcome sin and establish the kingdom of God in London. His institutional church in Tottenham road, is a practical application of the principles of Christianity to the immediate needs of the world's metropolis.

While we were at Brighton Dr. Clifford came down to address a mass meeting on "Disestablishment." Among English platform speakers he is probably the chief. What a treat we had. But alas, out of a population of 125,000 only 400 listened with us to the eloquent array of facts and the unescapable conclusions. Perhaps this was because the great majority are already convinced. Noncomformity is not suffering in England because of the state church. The situation is a constant spur to loyalty. But England suffers in both head and heart. Her educational system is weak and unpopular and will remain so until the ecclesiastical hand is removed. We believe that Dr. Clifford will live to see a great people delivered from this hateful ecclesiastical bondage.

Next to the London Congregational Council we esteem our greatest privilege to have been that of hearing Pastor Charles Wagner from his own pulpit on Christmas morning. Such simple, masterly eloquence we have not heard before. We begin to understand the power of those old French preachers who made kings tremble. Handicapped though we were in listening to a foreign tongue we could not help being moved by the directness and tenderness of the address. The modest new church, spireless and quite unadorned, built near where the walls of the old Bastile used to cast a baleful shadow, was filled with as intelligent an audience as one could find anywhere on the two continents. All was so unconventional. There was no choir. Everybody sang. And the speaker just opened his heart to the people, forgetting himself. They repaid him by giving him their hearts and an attention that one seldom sees. There was no hypnotism about it. The speaker lost himself in his audience and the audience lost itself in the speaker. Pastor Wagner is only one man in a great and wicked city, but he is doing a great work. No doubt the inspiration for his writings on the "Simple Life" has come to him in his humble ministrations as pastor over this people.

We have had other great privileges of which we cannot speak. We have walked with Savonarola in Florence and with the Apostle to the Gentiles in Rome, but the pall of superstition still hangs so heavily over Italy that the ecstacies are for those who believe in sacred stairs and miraculous pictures and holy "things." For us Italy is a great show set to the sad music of rattling rosaries, mumbling Latin and beggars' voices. But we found bright spots in Rome. One was at the M. E. parsonage, in an informal vesper service. We met many Christian workers there and found them much encouraged, especially in their educational work for the Italians. But Rome is so immovable. It seems to the rest of the world as if the Holy Father and his Sacred College had run their heads against a stone wall and sustained fatal injuries in issuing the encyclical against Modernism and the eternal facts of nature. But Rome knows little about it and the church goes right on as sensible as ever.

We must not fail to mention a privilege often enjoyed—that of reading The Pacific. It has welcomed us like a good friend in England, France, Switzerland and Italy. It is always full of good things. Surely the editor has traveled abroad himself and knows how extremely welcome a word from home is when you are across the seas.

WRONG BY 6999—A STUDY OF DOUBT AND DISCOURAGEMENT.

A Sermon by the Rev. Dr. F. J. Van Horn, Pastor of Plymouth Church, Seattle.

Text: 1 Kings xix: 14, 18.—A man and a bush; the bush is very small, and the man is of full size, but the man is under the bush, and all around the illimitable reaches of the desert sand; only this to break the monotony—a man and a bush, and the man under the bush.

Suppose we draw near. Do you see him—this man under the bush, seated upon the ground with his head in his hands resting on his knees, the very picture of abject disappointment, doubt, grief and despair? And who is this man? That is the greatest man in the world today. That is the mightiest man of his times. That is the most heroic soul of the century. That is the man whose name will be written among the half-dozen characters of history—that is Elijah. There under that juniper bush is the man who, but a few hours ago, was the hero, the one central, lonely figure of the most picturesque, dramatic scene that literature records. Here he is, and do you hear what he says? "O Lord, let me die! It is enough! Take away my life; let me die!" But this man who prays God that he may die, only yesterday stood on the mountain-top with all Israel gathered about him. Alone he stood, and over against him were four hundred and fifty hostile men. This man was not afraid of them, nor afraid of all the host gathered about, nor of all the powers of evil in the universe; and he sent out his challenge: "If the Lord be God, serve Him. If another in the universe be god, serve him; but I will demonstrate to you this day who is the Lord you should serve." So he shouts out his challenge: "Bring a sacrifice and prepare it and show your faith; and you will call upon your god and I will call upon my God, and the god that answers by fire, he is God."

And the day passes, filled with lamentations and prayers of the false prophets, but none answer or regard. "Bring on water!" he cries, "and pour it upon the sacrifice;" for this man has grown restless as the hour for evening prayer has come. He thinks: "This is about the time that I pray every day, and I must pray now, and when I pray, something takes place; get ready for it; pour on water! again! again! Do it again!" And at the time of evening prayer service, just at the time he has been in the habit of praying—how easy it comes for a man to pray with a great faith

when he has the habit of prayer!—he prays: "O Lord God of Abraham and Isaac and Israel, see Thy servant and answer this day, that all Israel may know that there is a God!" And lo, the heavens are cleft and the lightning flash comes and strikes the sacrifice; it burns and consumes it, it licks up the very water in the trench. Some say it never happened. How do you know it never happened? If you will go down to the southern seas where yonder mountain but lately sent out its awful blast of fire, you can find there a record of stranger things. It happened, did this wonderful thing that the fire licked up the water, because God is in his universe, and God is omnipotent, because grander still and surer still is it that this omnipotent God will hear his children when they cry unto him in their extremity. And the 450 prophets of Baal are taken at once, and swift vengeance is wrought upon them, as they deserve to have it.

And yet here is this man—this man who stood against all the world—this man at whose word the 450 prophets of Baal perished as by the breath of the Lord—this man at whose behest the heavens were opened, and the fire came down—this man, the most magnificent and heroic figure of his time, here he is under this bush, trying to hide himself from all the world, with head upon his hands, the picture of abject despair, praying that awful prayer of the discouraged man—"O Lord, let me die; it is enough! I am not better than my fathers, and I am not accomplishing anything in the world. My life is a failure, and all my efforts but get me into deeper trouble. Lord, I have no heart longer for life; it is enough. Let me die!" Did you ever feel like that? Ah, yes, you have. Every one of us has found his juniper bush sooner or later, and we sought for some place where we might hide ourselves, and there, with face in our hands, we have said: It is enough! What is the use of living? All my efforts to live a good, a true, a pure life seem unavailing, and all the efforts I put forth to make the world better seem to count for naught. It is enough, and I give it up. I have no more courage for life. What is the use? Nobody cares whether I succeed or fail. Let me die, and be done with it! And over the desert the hot waves swing and sweep and seem to torture this man who looks out upon it until he closes his eyes and looks in upon the desert expanse of his own soul, and he finds no surcease of his doubt, no deliverance from his discouragement—this one lonely man under the juniper. Nobody cares; nobody cares! Ah, somebody does care. There was Elijah's mistake, and there is your mistake and mine; in our times of doubt and in our moments of discouragement, somebody **does** care. Lo, an angel touches him. An angel? Yes, that is the business of angels, so the Scripture tells us; they have no business but to minister to God's children. Just the most natural and the most reasonable thing in the world—an angel touches him. Now what will God say to this poor, tired, discouraged man? Will this messenger from on high greet him with stern words of rebuke—Elijah! Elijah! you ought to be ashamed of yourself! That is the way we encourage each other; that is not God's way. The angel touches him and says: "Elijah rise and eat."

Now I think there is the disclosure of a great fact. The trouble with Elijah was not altogether spiritual; it was partly physical. It is hard to separate between the two. God has put these souls of ours into these bodies of ours and welded them together for a while and we cannot separate them, for very natural reasons Do you not know that almost every man can nerve himself for a great crisis in life, but when our faith is not tried, we fall down in the valleys when the crisis is past. It is easy enough to get up on the mountain-top and fight our battles against the multitudes that oppose us. You remember what Paul said: "I have fought the good fight." Any man can do that. But then he said: "I have finished my course." That is a little more difficult. To run a race steadily, without faltering or flagging, until we reach the end of the course—a supreme test is this. "I have kept my faith;" that is where we fail. Elijah had met a great crisis of life in that spectacular performance before the world just as we meet them. Now, when Elijah has come down and there is nobody about him, and the stimulus that comes from popular applause is lacking, and there is nothing very wonderful to do except to meet the every-day trials of life, and when there comes a threat from one who says: "I will get even with you for yesterday's work," and when the one who threatens is a wicked woman, then Elijah's courage oozes out from his finger tips. How many of us have been under the juniper tree with Elijah. The physical being relaxes after the crisis. Our spiritual fibre weakens after the time of a great temptation, and success and victory. Then comes the time of real danger. After we have done something, after we have fought the great fight and won the victory, then comes the relaxation, then comes the swing of the pendulum; then comes the moment of weakness; then comes the instant when we lose our faith. And God meets this poor man just on the plane of his necessity. "Rise," the angel says, "and eat." No word of reproof, no syllable of rebuke; it is gentle, loving tenderness, and Elijah finds a meal spread in the desert. I have wondered many a time what that meal was. How wonderful it must have been to eat that which an angel had spread in the desert for God's child. And then when the meal was eaten the angel breathed over this poor, weary man the sweet word "Sleep!" and Elijah falls into the deep slumber that God gives to his beloved. I have wondered, whether the angel stood there as a lover might stand by the side of his beloved, to watch the swelling bosom and the parted lips through the long hours as he slept. I think he did. Do you know, I do not think an angel could be about better business than watching one of God's children while he sleeps. And by and by he awakes refreshed—wonderfully refreshed. Now the angel will give him a scolding, will he not? Listen! "Rise, Elijah, and eat;" and again he refreshed himself. Now Elijah, just like any other man, having had two good meals and a good night's rest, finds his discouragement slipping away from him. The trouble with a good many of us, that we lose our faith, is that we do not get sleep enough, nor take care as to the food we eat. The matter is not with our souls, it is with our bodies. We do not take care of them as temples of the living God. God tells us to take care of our bodies, and to eat and sleep. This man's courage has come back because the angel has said to him: "You are not ready to die yet, Elijah; there is a long journey before you and a task yet to perform." Elijah does not know what it is, but he sets out and takes a long journey yonder to the mountain where God has often revealed himself, and there comes a light to him as he says: "I cannot imagine that there is anything for me to do, but at any rate I would like to find God once more, and I will find him—though it takes me a forty days' journey across the sands, I will find him." By and by Elijah reaches

the mount of God, and he climbs on, up and up the rocky heights, until away up yonder he finds a cleft in the rock and a little cove; and Elijah sinks down in its cool quiet with a sigh of satisfaction, and he says to himself: "Now I am safe; Jezebel will never find me here, and the cares of the world will never discover me. and I think I will stay here for a time. This will be a good place to live alone away from temptation, away from fret and worry. And maybe—maybe God will speak to me sometimes!"

Suddenly Elijah looks around. He listens, and says to himself: "What is it? Where did it come from? Who speaks to me?" And plainer and still plainer there grows upon his consciousness a voice unlike any other voice that man ever heard, and words shape themselves in his mind, and a question takes form—the question of the Lord God Almighty to the soul of every man upon earth: "What doest thou here?" And Elijah stops, stricken into silence—What am I doing here? I am not doing much of anything. I am trying to get rid of doing anything. I am trying to get away from the world. I had even thought of trying to get away from God himself. What am I doing in God's world? Ought I to do something out in God's world? What am I doing here?

My brother, what are you doing in God's world? What are you doing here? Why did you come here tonight? What is your life counting for? Not I, but God, asks that question—has a right to ask that question of every one of his creatures living here on his earth. What are you doing here? And Elijah makes answer: "Lord, I have been very jealous for Thee; I have felt somehow that Thy reputation was at stake. Lord, I have felt that everything rested upon me, and it has seemed to me, Lord, that I have not accomplished much, and it looks as though Thy cause in the world was going by default, and everything is going to ruin." But listen! There comes a rush of wind. A hurricane sweeps over the mountain-top; great trees are uprooted and carried far away, and Elijah wraps his robe about him and sinks back into the cleft, mightily impressed, but not helped at all, and he says in his heart: "This is wonderful! There is a mighty power in the world, but I am still a poor, lonely man, doubting and discouraged, and there is no help for me." And then the mountain begins to rock under his feet, and a great chasm opens before his very eyes, and great cliffs are broken from their foundations and roll down the mountain side, and it seems to him as though the world were in convulsions, and again he shrinks back, and lays hold upon the rocky pillars of his hiding place, appalled, terrified, but not helped. And still he wraps his cloak about him and says: "I am a poor, lonely man, doubting and discouraged, and there seems to be mighty power in the universe, but there is no help for a poor man in his discouragement." Then fire breaks out. Swift from the heavens it comes and strikes in the forest, and it sweeps from summit to summit as though the world were ablaze; and Elijah shrinks back into the still, quiet, cool depth of his retreat, and again he wraps his cloak about him, appalled, terrified, but not helped; and again he says: "I am a poor, lonely man; there are mighty powers in the universe, but for a poor man in his trouble, in his loneliness, in his doubt, in his discouragement, there is no help." And then, stealing into the silence that follows the earthquake and the fire, coming out of the air, and out of the rock, out of the heaven, and out of the earth, out of everywhere, a still, small voice; and now Elijah knows that he is not a poor, lonely man, but there is with him on the mountain-top in the cleft of the rock, a Presence that will never more leave him alone. Down upon his face he goes, as every man will fall humbly in the presence of God and again that question frames itself into his listening heart, and with every throb it sounds over and over again to him: "What are you dong here, Elijah? What is your business here in the mountain-top? Why have you run away from the world? Why are you discouraged? Why are you the kind of man that you are? Why have you said you are ready to die? Why have you lost your faith in God? Why are you not out in the world counting for something? What are you doing, Elijah, in God's world where there is such marvelous opportunity for men to do something that shall count? ' I tell you we can never get away from that question—never, never, never! It will follow us to our dying day. We shall hear it in our coffins yet: What have you done in God's world? Better—better for us to face it tonight, with all our doubt, with all our discouragement, with all our misunderstanding of things that God has surrounded us with, with all our imperfect knowledge of God and his plans and his power; yet, back of the forces that dominate the world, back of the powers that govern the universe, is the question from the heart of the living loving God, to the hearts of his living children, who ought to be his loving children: What are you doing here in My world? There is no question like this Shall we confess it tonight? May I ask it, for God, of you, and you—and you, till the finger of God has singled out every one of you, and the whisper of God has come into your inmost heart of hearts: What are you doing in My world to make it better?

Elijah rises, I think, to his knees, now, for he has manhood, and will answer God as would every honest man; and upon his knees I see this man as he makes his reply: "I have been very jealous for Thee." Every true-hearted man will be jealous for the honor that is given to any other being that ought to be given to God. "I have been very jealous for Thee, Lord, but Thy people have forsaken Thee. They have broken Thy covenant. They have pulled down Thine altar They have slain Thy prophets with the sword, and they seek my life to take it away also. I am the only man left in all the world that cares for Thee, O God!" And that is where Elijah made his mistake. God said to him: "I have seven thousand in Israel." Elijah springs to his feet now—"I am not alone! Seven thousand! I was mistaken—wrong by 6,999—I was wrong—I am not a poor, lonely man; the fortunes of the world do not rest upon me alone. God is here and there are seven thousand of us, and, Lord, we seven thousand can win the world for Thee. Give us Thy commands. Unfurl the banner! Sound the trumpet, and send us out, this army seven thousand strong, that we may conquer the world for righteousness! Wrong—wonderfully wrong—wrong by 6,999 out of 7,000!"

And I tell you that man is just as badly wrong, just as far mistaken, who yields himself to doubt and gives up to discouragement and feels that nobody cares whether he lives the good or the bad life, whether he works for righteousness, or gives up the struggle. All wrong; all wrong! My brother, in the deepest moment of your discouragement there was a secret voice; there was by your side a Presence ready to manifest Himself; there was One ready to say to you: "You are not alone; I have my hosts of helpers in the world;

I have untold powers at work, the forces uncountable in the universe, and all work for Me and along with you, and you shall win the victory by and by, if you will only keep your courage and work with Me." That is the message of the Old Testament. Lord God Jehovah, the God of might and power, and yet the God of the still, small voice; the God waiting at the side of the discouraged man to tell him that he is not alone; to promise unto him the help that is Infinite, and the success that shall be sublime. My brother, some time you said that foolish thing; some time you said, "Nobody cares." Yes; somebody cares. God cares, and that is enough. You said in that day of your folly, of your doubt, of your discouragement: "It does not make any difference." Oh, yes, it does make a difference whether you live the right life or the wrong life; it makes a difference to all the world, and to all eternity. Somebody cares, for it makes a difference to God. That is the message of the Old Testament.

But I should not be fair to the Lord God if I did not add a picture from the New Testament, and the emphasis of its message. There was One in form like us men, who was tempted in all points as we are tempted, who knew weariness of flesh, and despondency of spirit; who knew perfectly every doubt and every temptation and discouragement that has ever touched any man, and yet was never discouraged. There was One so magnificent in his divine personality that he could stand and say: "Come unto Me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden; come unto Me, all doubting, fearing, discouraged ones, and I will give you rest; come, and I will breathe unto you My courage, and you shall go out with Me to win the world, and bring in the kingdom for which I have come."

And tonight I may bring to you, not the picture of the olden time, not the story of one who lived in old Judea; I may bring to you the ever-living God, "the same today, yesterday and forever." I bring to you tonight this Lord Jesus Christ, the Son of God and the Son of Man, the lover of men, and the Savior of men, with his power, with his love, with his help, standing tonight as he has stood for ages, at the doors of human souls, knocking for admission, asking that he may come into your life and into mine—not to criticise us, not to make us ashamed of ourselves, but to spread a feast for us, to give unto us of his own spirit, that we, hand in hand with the Omnipotent One, may go out to live our lives in the world and make it better. Have you found him? Oh, he has found you, because you are here tonight and he is here tonight, and I can almost hear the gentle tapping at the door of your heart as he knocks and pleads to come in, that you may never more say, "I am a poor, lonely soul, filled with doubt and discouragement, and ready to give up the fight, because nobody cares." One will come into your life who shall be to you at once courage and strength. You and I ought to go out into the world to help men, to bless the world, to make it a little better while we live in it. Do you hear that voice tonight—the still, small voice that has spoken to every son and daughter of Adam—the pleading of the Christ, who offers to you tonight his courage, his strength, himself? Now will you answer him? Is it not in your heart—oh, is it not in your heart tonight to say to this God who so reveals himself to us, to this Jesus of Nazareth who so pleads with us—is it not in your heart to say to him: "I desire henceforth to live Thy life, to be Thy helper in the world; to be helped of Thee in the daily life to make the world better?" Will you say it?

ACORNS FROM THREE OAKS.

Aloha.

A Modern Evolution.

Four or five decade ago a little saloon was snaring the miners up in Butte county. Its equipment was so petty that two little dice were all the victims had to gamble with. When time came to name the little settlement the significance of Pair of Dice in a Paradise of nature afforded jokers a chance to give a unique name to one of the competitors for the crown of beauty which every aspiring hillside town in California rises to. For years Satan had his greedy way. Saturday night found miners' sacks full of gold. Monday morning the barkeeper had the sacks and sore-hearted men returned to their toil. But wiser men moved in; men who loved Jesus, practiced his personal touch and proved there was a ray of hope for those who would pray. A humble little building rose. Men who knew Christ's power witnessed it to their fellows, the heaven-implanted hunger of the prodigal emphasizing the loving words. And lo! the gospel seed, watered by the Spirit of God, grew in force and beauty, until the little village, blossoming with fairest promise, bids fair to be the home of many Christian people. They do say the new name will be Bidwell. If you want to know all that means stop off on some trip up toward the glories of Shasta and see the estate of Mrs. General Bidwell, one which it would seem the sainted General Bidwell watches with the supernatural power of an eternal affection.

A Unique School.

What would our Western world have been without the visions of far-sighted Home Missionaries? Where would Oberlin, Olivet, Carleton, Grinnell, Doane, Pomona have been without the brave ambition of men with whom golden shekels were few, but kingdom-wide aspirations abundant? Dauntless forty-niners of our Pilgrim faith laid the foundations of Berkeley, as all true historians acknowledge. When the Pilgrim College was wanted by the state it was not withheld. The living seed is yet in it.

The northwest corner of California is of itself an empire as large as Massachusetts. Here among mines and mountains, forests and streams, not yet fully supplied with Christian schools, live two hundred thousand Americans who are the natural patrons of a first-class, up-to-date, practical educational institute. How do you like the name Sierra Polytechnic Institute? No narrow name that. It means that any serious young man or young woman in this upper vast domain can find a faithful teacher and genuine school friends, at little cost, near to his or her dear home hills. Many such there are for whom Stanford and Berkeley are yet practically as far away as Oxford or Cambridge. And there are struggling Christian parents who fear for their formative years to trust the boys and girls of their rare affection among the wild youth of the lower classes in our universities. Not all the upper classes have yet learned of the heroic Jordan and the eloquent Wheeler, the grace of chivalry. Among the mines, forests, streams is the place for practical teaching of mining, forestry and irrigation. Sierra Polytechnical Institute sounds its call over the canyons and hillsides to aspirants for practical training along these lines. Aloha heard with exultant ears the new trustees vote that a serious boy or girl of any creed or color, or nationality should, without any prejudice of caste or condition be

welcome to the new Christian school. Its accommodations are small, its buildings few and plain; so were Yale's once. Harvard was born in the woods outside of Boston. I saw Oberlin in its swaddling clothes with a worm fence around its campus. Jesus, who loves Bidwell, was laid in a manger. Green Street Church is in the rough. But God's planting grows and His churches have a way of making schools live. By the way, brethren, if you are not above picking up acorns, not to speak of any benefit you may confer on Sierra School, it will mean much in the development of our Association to have one cause of common sympathy and interest. See what Oberlin has done for Northern Ohio churches. Carleton is the child of Minnesota Christian management. Pomona is a gem in the forehead of Southern California.

A Man in the Right Place.

A serious optimist, I bank on the new school because of its practical president. I did not hear his paper at the pastors' meeting; but I have the advantage of you in having been at his fireside. Not a skilled ranchman myself I know a well-kept ranch when I see it. A tidy barn, a sleek team, working water apparatus, trimmed trees, clean ditches, thrifty plants catch my eye. I can judge these better than the vernacular of some class rooms. President C. E. Compton knows how. His happy wife and six sweet and loyal children will be congenial forces in the faculty. The good men and women who rally about them will make our boys and girls feel at home. Personal love and interest are large and wide agents in education. O brethren, there is a jewel for our Master's crown up there at Bidwell. Polish it!

The Day to Pray for Riverside Indian Conference—Sunday, April 26th.

Tell your people in a prelude that Jesus Christ died for Indians; that California is waking up widely for tardy justice to our red brethren. Then ask Heaven for wide visions there. Showers may fall on service.

THE SILVER LINING OF DARK CLOUDS. A STUDY OF PSALMS 42 AND 43.

(Christian Endeavor Topic for May 3rd.)

Albert W. Palmer.

Professor Gayley, of the University of California, in his course on "Great Rocks," once said: "The Bible is the worst printed book in the world." What was meant was that in no other book do we find poetry printed as prose and the movement of the narrative or poem broken into by arbitrary and sometimes unintelligent chapter and verse divisions. The noble poem which forms our topic this week is a striking example of this obscuring of both the beauty and meaning of the Bible by the way it is printed.

It is not until we turn to Moulton's "Modern Reader's Bible" that the sweep and beauty of this great poem stand out clearly before our eyes. Professor Moulton, simply by properly arranging the lines on the printed page, shows us at a glance that these two psalms are really one poem made up of three stanzas, each followed by the same refrain. May I suggest, in passing, that Moulton's "Modern Reader's Bible" may now be obtained complete in one volume for only two dollars? I get no commission on sales, but I believe most of us find the Bible, especially the poetical parts, a new book as we follow this sensibly printed edition. It is far more worth buying than the average commentary.

Let us now turn to the poem as it stands before us. The first stanza includes verses 1 to 4. It is the lament of an exile, remembering in a foreign land the glad days of worship in the Temple. Then follows the refrain, verse 5, which, over against the sorrowing minor of the stanza, strikes the strong major chord, "Hope thou in God!"

The second stanza, verses 6 to 10, again voices the despondency of the exile. Memories of the hills and streams of Palestine rush across his homesick soul. A gleam of hope comes in the eighth verse, but is lost in gloom at the thought of the oppression of the enemy. And then, strong and clear, the refrain sounds out once more (verse 11):

"Why art thou cast down, O my soul?
Hope thou in God!"

The third stanza, 43:1-4, finds its way out of the gloom of sorrow and follows the refrain up to the hills of faith, and the poem closes with a glad and triumphant singing of the same refrain:

"Why art thou cast down, O my soul?
Hope thou in God!"

This poem is but one illustration of the great spiritual lesson which the bitter experience of the exile taught the Hebrew people. It destroyed their material prosperity, but it deepened their spiritual insight. When they could no longer help themselves, they found in God a helper and a comforter. Out of defeat and exile came the great refrain of this song, "Hope thou in God!"

Why are there clouds in life? Why do exile, pain and suffering come? I do not know. But this I know: that out of exile, pain and suffering there comes, oftentimes, the power of sympathy, a new tenderness, a deepened faith, a farther vision. We turn for sympathy and help, not to those whose lives have been a butterfly existence in the sunshine, but to those who have passed through the shadow. Exile, pain and suffering are not wholly evil. Even in Gethsemane Jesus can still say "Fathr!" The stanzas of this poem are the "dark clouds." The refrain is the "silver lining."

NOTES AND PERSONALS.

The sermon by the Rev. Dr. Van Horn of Seattle was not a written sermon. What we give is a stenographic report.

The Rev. C. M. De Bois, recently of Field's Landing, will be in Berkeley for a while, and can be had as a supply for churches when needed. His address is 2623 Hilgard avenue.

The editor of The Pacific is in Southern California this week, in attendance at the meeting of the Los Angeles Association at Long Beach. He will remain to attend the Indian conference the first of next week at Riverside.

The special attention of our readers is called to the advertisement of **The Catherine** by Mrs. Kate S. Hart, in this week's Pacific. Mrs. Hart is a long-time member of our First Church in San Francisco. We most heartily commend her and her house to our readers.

Among the Churches.

CALIFORNIA.

Easter Monday was an anniversary day with the Green Street Church, San Francisco. Just two years before the old wooden building in which a faithful, devoted band of people had worshipped for a generation was swallowed up in the baptism of fire which consumed the old San Francisco. Undismayed, the brave pastor and his wife, and one is not to be mentioned without the other, even while their hands and hearts were full, caring for the homeless, set their faces steadfastly toward the future with plans for an institutional church, which should bring the divine help in gracious ministry to the total life of the people about them. Before the ashes were cold one faithful member of the church pledged $50 for a new and larger building. With a vision, and courage and consecration which have been the admiration of all who have known them, Mr. and Mrs. Walz have so far succeeded in realizing their hopes that in the place of the old wooden building there is now on the old site a substantial brick structure, to be splendidly equipped, when complete, with gymnasium, reading room, class-rooms, dining hall, roof garden, living rooms for settlement workers, aside from the rooms commonly found in any well-equipped church building. The building is enclosed and under roof and is in constant use, although much remains to be done to complete it. To celebrate this anniversary and to interest the fellowship of the churches more deeply in this most important enterprise Mr. and Mrs. Walz had invited the ministers, their wives and their people to spend the day with them. The church is near Telegraph Hill, from which a most wonderful and inspiring view of the entire bay region may be obtained. The oldest Catholic church in the city, dedicated to St. Francis, is near by, and so completely have Mr. and Mrs. Walz won the confidence and love of the community—Catholic and Protestant alike—that the Catholic priest—a noble man —has asked for a public meeting of the community to be held in the Green Street Church in the interests of temperance, at which he purposes to be present and to speak. Monday the morning hour was devoted to reports from the churches, with special reference to the services of Easter Day. Easter Sunday was a glad day for the churches. San Francisco, First, has finished its heroic struggle to re-establish itself on the old site. To rebuild without losing any of the advantages of its former equipment and t o raise the last cent of indebtedness within two years, with a membership scattered to the four winds, is nothing short of marvellous. The first church raised $3,650 Easter Sunday. Dr. and Mrs. Adams go upon their voyage around the world with the admiration and affection of a host of people following them. Easter Sunday was a great day to raise money. Plymouth, San Francisco, raised $635; Plymouth, Oakland, $572. Berkeley First, $1,000 toward indebtedness, and First, San Jose, $7,197.60, for a new parish house. The Home Missionary Society came to the end of the year, March 31, with a balance of $500 on the right side. Easter Day was Communion Sunday in many churches and was a time of large ingatherings. Oakland First added 99 to its great membership; First, San Mateo, 25, with ten more received on Tuesday evening. San Mateo is celebrating its 40th anniversary. The church has made remarkable progress under Mr. Kimball's strong leadership.

Fitchburg received twenty into its membership, eighteen by confession. It is face to face with the necessity for a larger building; 35 have been added to the membership since the coming of Mr. Flint, the first of January. Oakland Fourth added seven new members; Pilgrim 14. Plymouth, Oakland, reports seventeen to be received the first Sunday in May. After a beautiful dinner served by the ladies of Green Street, a large company gathered in the unfinished auditorium to listen to Rev. Chas. R. Brown. At the close of an inspiring address an opportunity was given those present to add something to the fund necessary to complete the building, $322.50 was sent in in cash and pledges. It is doubtful if there is any other place in our two cities where any large giver, with a great vision of the kingdom could more wisely invest $25,000 for the kingdom than to put it in the Green Street Institutional Congregational Church.

Etiwanda.—Five persons united with the church at the recent communion, four on confession.

Fruitvale.—Eight were received into the church membership on Easter morning, all on confession of faith.

Los Angeles, First.—Easter morning, beautiful decorations; Choir Choral Club, eight soloists; sermon by Rev. Warren F. Day, D.D., pastor emeritus—"Let the King of Glory Come in!" Overflow congregation. Twilight communion; lower floor and gallery well filled; fifty-six added to the membership; four others detained.

Santa Rosa.—The church year was closed by the annual dinner, graciously and bountifully provided by the Ladies' Aid Society, assisted by the young people of the Bible School. Toasts were in order as a fitting supplement, as follows: "The Church and the Men," Rolfe L. Thompson; "The Church and the Women," George J. Reading; "The Church and the Young People," Miss Kate Kinley; "The Church and the Children," C. E. Wingate. Following came reports of church life and progress in various departments. The pastor, Rev. A. B. Patten, reported a net gain during the year of fifty-eight, and a total membership of 211. Of the additions 40 were upon profession and largely from the Bible School. One hundred and sixty-two were seated at the dinner tables, and participated in the after exercises, with evident enjoyment and earnestness. With all bills paid, a blessed spirit of unity and hearty fellowship prevails, and the outlook for the coming year is full of hope.

Lodi.—Easter Sunday was a red-letter day for the Lodi church, the most remarkable in its history. The house was packed to overflowing, with every inch of space occupied, and the most intense interest manifest. There were 194 pupils and officers present at the Sunday-school; and the great interest centered in the reception of new members into the church at the morning service. Two infants were baptized, and thirty believers received baptism, men, women and children. Sixty-seven were received into the church, twelve by letter and fifty-five on confession. Of these thirty-four were adults and thirty-three were children. There were fifteen men and nineteen women; twelve boys and twenty-one girls. There are about seventy others contemplating joining the church in the near future. This new movement toward the church is largely the result of the Bulgin and Gates tent meetings here in March 15-27. Other churches have also had large ingatherings. For all which let God be praised.

Mayflower, Pacific Grove.—This year the time for the observance of the week of prayer was transferred to passion week. The attendance was unusually large and the meetings of great help and blessing spiritually. Communion had been postponed to Easter when 157 sat down to the table of our Lord. Many spoke of it as being one of the most joyful celebrations in their life. One child was dedicated by its parents in baptism and eleven received into church membership, among whom were eight young men and young women, of whom all but one were received upon confession of faith. They came from the organized Bible classes, the Philathea and Baraca, of the Sunday-school in answer to united prayer and not without much personal work by members as well as by teachers. Indications are that many more, especially of young people, are being prepared to enter into covenant with the church during the coming summer, and some have already stated such to be their intention. The Sunday-school has a Home Department with over 60 members, and on Easter morning, without any special program whatever, the attendance at the main school was 154. The need for the Sunday-school annex, work upon which has now begun, becomes increasingly more imperative.

Heber, Imperial County.—On Tuesday evening, April 14th, a council was convened for the purpose of recognizing the church recently organized there. The churches at Calexico, Ontario, and First of San Bernardino were represented. A lusty young organization was found, some twelve charter members, seven of whom were young men, and two of them are recent graduates of Beloit College. It is self-supporting from the start, having a little over $500 pledged for the first year's expenses. Rumor was heard of negotiations for the starting of a school at Heber by the Congregationalists, and the people of the valley are wondering what is the matter. There is need of a good school in that region, and it will not be long till steps will be taken to meet the need, for things are moving swiftly in the valley. Imperial valley is richer

than Eden, and has more rivers running in more directions. Lands are doubling in price about every six months, and people are buying, and planting and building at a marvelous rate. But it is no wonder when one considers the splendid crops of alfalfa, hogs, cattle, barley, cantaloups and grapes that are being turned off every month or so. One man reaped three crops of barley from one sowing, and it is no uncommon thing for people to get fine fish out of their gardens. Rev. R. L. Glasby and his capable wife, who were formerly at Calexico, are located on a splendid ranch near the town and are shepherding the new church.

Corona.—Rejoice with us. Corona banishes its saloons! By the decisive majority of over 40, trustees were elected for a better city. As San Jacinto has gained a like victory, this whole county of Riverside becomes dry. The strength of unity is again illustrated in this campaign. All classes of the better citizens have rallied round the Good Government League, and with rare wisdom and thoroughness these "sons of light" have fully matched the "men of the world." The credit of the good work must be widely distributed. The Anti-Saloon League has done a magnificent service in the speakers for three union Sunday evening meetings at the Opera House: Rev. D. M. Landier, Miss Glenn Will and that grand old man, Dr. E. L. Chapman. Then for one week evening meetings were held in the Opera House at which Captain Stanley spoke in his inimitable way and sang his original songs. An ex-comedian, a converted drunkard, a veritable hurricane of speech, a gatling gun of joke, sarcasm, entreaty, he succeeded in getting the ears of many friends of the saloon, and influenced them, no doubt. Every man became a personal advocate. The ladies expressed their zeal on election day by a booth for refreshments and rest. Also a Spanish worker had been active among the Mexicans. A new era dawns for Corona. Numerically the city has been gaining rapidly; but with the liquor power beaten, a higher moral standard will prevail, the best of citizens be drawn here. The churches, as is usually the case, have been the protagonists in the forward movement. They have sown the seed; they have lifted up the watchword: "For God and Corona." As a man to whom we had said "Hurrah for Corona!" answered "Hurrah for Jesus!" we must give the honor to the Lord. We are glad, too, that the men and women of the Congregational Church have been in the vanguard of effectual service.

OREGON LETTER.

By George H. Hines.

Last Tuesday and Wednesday were the days appointed for the twelfth annual meeting of the West Willamette Association of Congregational Churches and Ministers, with the Hillside Church, about eight miles north of Forest Grove. A score and more of the disciples of the Pilgrim faith were conveyed thither through a most beautiful and attractive region by teams provided by the members of the church. This church was organized in 1884, and there are now about thirty-five families represented in its membership numbering sixty, although at present fully one-half of the membership is absent. It has a Sunday-school enrollment of 75, and 30 members of the Y. P. S. C. E. Rev. J. M. Barber is the pastor at the present time.

Six out of the ten churches in the West Willamette Association were represented. Organization was effected by electing Rev. Cephas F. Clapp, Forest Grove, Moderator, and Mr. John D. Mickle scribe. Rev. Howard Gilpatrick, Hillsboro, preached the associational sermon Tuesday evening, followed by a report from Mrs. Eunice W. Luckey, Portland, of her experiences at the meeting of the great missionary societies of the Congregational Churches of the United States at Cleveland last October.

During the sessions on Wednesday the following topics were presented and discussed: "Systematic and Proportionate Giving," "The Christian's Duty in Moral Reform," "Family Worship," "Our Sunday School Work," "Cardinal Facts in Christian Experience," "How the Church Can Best Help the Children," "The Women's Work in Our Association," "What the Pew Wants to Hear from the Pulpit."

Much interest was taken in these discussions, particularly the first and third topics. Strong testimony was given by a number of persons respecting the reflex influence resulting from family worship, as evidenced by the practice in the homes of their youth, and the re-establishment of the family altar was strongly urged.

At the closing session in the evening Rev. J. E. Walker, D.D., who has been a missionary in China for thirty years, going thither from Oregon, now home on a furlough, gave an interesting account of some of his experiences in the mission field. Dr. Walker's father and mother, Rev. Elkanah and Mrs. Mary Richardson Walker, both of Maine, gave themselves to the work of the American Board, expecting to go to China in 1838; but after preparations were made to go to that field, it was the opinion of the Board that the necessities of the work among the Indians in Oregon required additions to its working force, then consisting only of Dr. Whitman and wife and Rev. H. H. Spalding and wife, consequently Mr. and Mrs. Walker and Rev. Cushing Eells and wife were sent hither. The Walkers were assigned to a station near what is now the beautiful and prosperous city of Spokane, Washington, and at that station Dr. Walker was born in 1841. Hence it may be seen that he inherited his desire to be a missionary. In fact, at birth he was consecrated to the missionary service by his mother.

The closing address was made by Rev. A. J. Folsom, Forest Grove, Superintendent of the Congregational Home Missionary work of Oregon, giving a general review of the conditions in the state. Mr. Folsome came to Oregon from Michigan a little less than a year ago, but having traveled extensively throughout the state in pursuance of his duties, has become most profoundly impressed with its great resources, and is already a most enthusiastic Oregonian. He sees in the rapid strides towards material development immeasurable opportunities for arousing a desire for the higher things in life, which must, perforce, go hand in hand with the growth of earthly prosperity if the best results in character building are attained.

Hillside is a delightful rural community, and for beauty of situation can be scarcely surpassed in any country; and the influence of the little church in the twenty-four years of its existence in its moulding effect for good upon the life of the young people cannot be adequately estimated, further than to declare that it has been very large. The gracious hospitality and cordial greetings given to the delegates from the other churches, and to visitors from other Associations, was most marked.

Rev. Jeannette O. Ferris, recently from Grand Rapids, Michigan, was called to the pastorate of the Sheridan Church on April 12th, and has accepted. She begins her work there today. Preparations are being made for a fellowship meeting in the near future.

The Clackamas and Park Place fields are now being supplied by Rev. G. W. Riggs.

Rev. H. C. Cleveland has been called by the church at Vale, Oregon, and accepts. He will take hold of his field at once.

On April 5th Rev. T. F. Murphy of Trempealeau,

began his labors at Condon, having been called by that church some time ago. Prior to that time Rev. J. E. Walker, D.D., supplied the pulpit for two Sundays.

The twelfth annual meeting of the Portland Association will be held with the Highland Church of this city, Rev. E. S. Bollinger, pastor, beginning on the 21st inst.

The past has been a week of great interest in the history of the First Church of this city. Dr. Dyott held special services every night except the last, all in harmony with the deep spiritual significance of the time; and as a result, including the fruitage of the devoted labors of our pastor in previous weeks, there was an ingathering of forty-six new members, nearly one-half on confession of faith, at the Easter services today. Surely this day has been one of great rejoicing as well as of devout thanksgiving that so many persons have been impelled to confess Christ before the world and cast their lot with the worshippers of this congregation.

Rev. E. S. Bollinger had special Easter services today and received twenty-five new members. The outlook for this church is very bright. The district, of which the church is the center, is building up rapidly with a very desirable class of citizens.

MEETING OF W. B. M. P.

The spring meeting of the Board was held at Bethany Church, San Francisco, on April 8th. It was delayed five weeks in order to meet Rev. Mr. and Mrs. Chandler of the Madura mission, India, and we had the added pleasure of having as guests Rev. Mr. and Mrs. Green of Japan, just returned to this country on furlough. The Chandlers are on their way back to India. It is so difficult to time the gatherings of the Board with the arrivals of missionaries that this was a very happy occasion. Our president, Miss Richards is in Southern California, where she will attend the annual meeting of the Southern branch. In her absence Mrs. McLean presided, conducting devotional exercises for the morning session. The usual reports of the secretaries were given. The treasurer reported receipts to date, $4,163. Mrs. Wilcox explained about the two buildings for the kindergarten at Foochow; for one money was given some time ago; for the second $2,240 has been received. But a recent letter from the American Board states that owing to increased expenses in building material and wages, it is necessary to add $1,500 to the $3,000 already planned for. Mrs. Bakeman reported sending three boxes to Rev. Mr. Perkins, India. A varied list of articles were contributed by churches across the bay, consisting of 64 dozen soap, 8 dozen bags of all kinds, 18 dolls, 19 balls, 26 books and marbles, combs, mirrors, work-baskets, pencils, etc.

The report of the foreign secretary, always eagerly listened to, was shorter than usual. She gave good news from Africa, China and Japan.

The lunch hour was duly enjoyed, and Dr. Green had a conference with the Executive Committee. After this the devotional exercises, conducted by Mrs. F. B. Perkins, brought to us the delightful thought that we should think of ourselves as friends to God, as well as that God is our Friend; and that we should prove our friendship by expressing trust, confidence, love and obedience to our Heavenly Father.

Dr. Greene spoke of his pleasure in being present at our meeting. He has been in Japan since 1869. He discussed affairs at the Doshisha, and assured us that it is matter of great encouragement that there is in Japan a body of men and women able to administer its own affairs. He spoke of Mr. Harada, president of the Doshisha, as one of the wisest and most perfect Christian gentlemen. In Japan there are 94 churches supporting themselves. Mr. Greene lamented the hasty generalization of Japanese matters the people of this country indulge in; and in his view there has never been a greater victory in the Christian church than in Japan the past forty or fifty years.

Rev. Mr. Chandler went to India in 1873. He wished we could do more for Madura, in kindergarten work, for instance. Mrs. Chandler's address was most convincing of the good things the gospel has given to India. In the Madura district there are twenty native pastors supported by their own people, and a gospel band, originated by Hindu Christians. Both Mr. and Mrs. Chandler narrated many interesting incidents which have occurred during their many years in India.

Mrs. Pinney of the Presbyterian Board gave an account of the founding of Mt. Hermon School of Missions; it is called the Federate School, meaning interdenominational, and is in the Santa Cruz mountains.

A vote of thanks for the hospitality of the church was given, prayer offered by Rev. Mr. Goodsell, and benediction. And so closed a noteworthy occasion. The quarterly in June will be held in Mill Valley, June 3.

VIRGINIA BUFFORD,
Secretary.

Young People

THE PULLET MINE.

By Frank H. Sweet.

Grandpa and I lived alone in California. Grandpa owned a few acres of land, most of which was untillable. A part of it had once been worked over by miners in search of gold.

Grandpa was more than eighty years old, but he was the very embodiment of good temper and good will. My father and mother died when I was three years old, leaving me in grandpa's care. Grandpa was too old to work hard, and I was only thirteen years old. But grandpa was very dexterous with his hands, and used to carve beautiful canes and exquisite ornaments, for which he found a ready sale from tourists. I reared poultry, which we marketed at an adjacent mining town. Our wants were not many, and we managed to live.

My efforts and success at poultry-rearing elicited much praise for me from certain of the miners about Oreoville. One of them especially—a man named William Hannin, who had taken a great liking to grandpa and used to visit us occasionally—took much interest in my turkeys, ducks and hens. Hannin never remained long in one locality, but he was known as a lucky man in the mines. One evening he came to bid us goodby and said he was going to South America.

A few months after this grandpa received a strange cage by express, marked "Poultry," from Buenos Ayres. It was a strongly slatted wooden box, divided

into two compartments, one of which was empty. The other one contained an awkward-looking bird, very long in the neck and legs. The empty stall was marked: "Rooster—three months old." The one containing the queer bird bore the legend: "Pullet—three months old."

"What kind of a bird can it be?" I asked grandpa.

"Why, it's a young ostrich!" he answered. "There must have been two of them when they left Buenos Ayres; but one of them, no doubt, died at sea, and they had to throw it away."

On the back of the card I found this message:

"Miss Nora Castleburg: I have offen herd it guessed that the climet of California would be sutable for ostretch farming. I wil send you a pare to try. If they do wel, they will fetch you some m oney by and by. Good luck to you and your poultry. —

—W. HANNIN.

I was greatly pleased with my present. A live ostrich, and from South America! It was something wonderful and delightful to think of.

But grandpa looked a little perplexed and even worried. He knew that our land was not securely fenced, and had no doubt that if we allowed the ostrich to go at large it would run away; while if we kept it closely confined, it would consume almost as much grain as a pig, and be likely to die before long. But he did not spoil my pleasure by speaking his thoughts.

We took the bird home, and grandpa removed the partition from her box, so as to give her more room to move about until he could prepare a better place for her.

I named my ostrich "Pullet," as the card upon the box had designated her. She was quite tame, owing perhaps to her close and long acquaintance with the sailors and passengers.

As soon as he could do so, grandpa built her a little stable, in which we kept her, taking good care to keep the door shut. But she consumed enormous quantities of grain and vegetables, besides all the grass I gave her; and finally I decided to put her out and let her shift for herself.

I opened her stable door, and she walked forth. Stretching herself up upon tiptoe, she flapped her small, fluffy wings, and then stood motionless. Something in the free air seemed suddenly to remind her that she once had mates and playfellows of her own species. So, straining herself to her greatest height, she surveyed the country far and near and called, long and loudly, for her lost companions. Hearing no response, she solmenly walked over to where the turkeys were sunning themselves. With one accord they fled from her, and when she essayed to follow them they used their wings and placed themselves above her reach. Then Pullet looked up and called to them.

The turkeys distrusted her. From their various elevations they surveyed her critically and cautiously invited her to quit. But when at length she sat down upon the ground beneath their tree and began to dress her fluffy plumes, they seemed to think better of her. One by one they ventured to descend and walk around her, still eying her somewhat suspiciously.

But Pullet and the turkeys grew to be the best of friends, and all the summer through and as long as Pullet lived her only companions were the turkeys. She accompanied them in their rambles everywhere—over alfalfa fields and through the neighboring gulches.

When the turkeys came home at evening—which I induced them to do by feeding them a little grain—Pullet came also, stalking along in the midst of the flock, quite indifferent to all questions of race or previous condition. Indeed, she seemed to be their self-elected leader, and the rest of the flock followed her obediently.

When the turkeys flew up to their high perch, Pullet would march demurely into her little stall and sit down upon the floor to sleep. Here every evening I visited and petted her. Poor Pullet! How I liked her! and what a source of amusement her queer ways were to me! She was always irresistibly attracted by any bright object, and had a habit of pulling at the buttons upon my dresses and shoes. I had a blue flannel jacket, trimmed with a double row of small gilt buttons, which sometimes tempted Pullet so strongly that I had to cover the shining disks with cloth in order to save them from being torn off. I have since been told that all ostriches will pick up and try to swallow almost any bright or lustrous small object.

Pullet was less than a year old when we gathered our first crop of plumes from her. I sold them to a milliner in Sacramento. Soon afterwards Pullet was attacked by a strange malady. I called it a cough, and attributed it to a cold caused by the loss of her feathers. For this cough I tried several remedies, but the symptoms grew worse. At last Pullet came home one evening, lagging wearily several rods behind the turkeys. Upon reaching her stable she stumbled in and dropped down upon the bed of clean hay that I had made for her. Grandpa came to look at her, and said he feared her days were numbered. Her paroxysms of coughing were most distressing.

Next morning Pullet was stretched dead upon her hay. As she had died of an unknown disease, grandpa thought best to dissect her body. In the crop he found a fatty tumor, which had evidently strangled her; and, what was more remarkable, in her great gizzard were a quantity of pebbles—vermillion colored, mottled white—and a double handful or more of gold nuggets, polished and brightened by the friction and the chemical action of the bird's stomach. She had picked up these nuggests somewhere in her rambles about the gulches, and had swallowed them with her usual alacrity.

After inspecting the nuggets closely and guessing at their value, grandpa finished his work of dissection and buried poor Pullet's body. Then he returned and began to separate the gold from the common pebbles in the pan. "If we knew where she came across these," he said, "we might find more."

Our little "farm" was bounded on its eastern side by a small mountain stream, which flowed through a rock-walled trough a hundred feet or more deep and twelve to twenty rods wide. The stream ran for the most part near the middle of this trough, but here and there it veered to right or left and washed against the base of the cliff. At some points this washing had been continued until masses of rock had tumbled out into the channel. Some of these masses were so large that the floods could not move them, and they lay as they had fallen. Trees were growing upon some of their tops.

A mass of rock that I named the Leaning Tower was a kind of peak, which at some former time had

been split off from the face of the wall. It now leaned out at an angle from the main wall, to which its inner base still clung; while its outer one, next the stream, was washed by deep water. Its inner or upper base could be reached easily from our house, the top soil and loose shale having slid down into the gap between wall and peak, so as to form a gradual slope. From thence a narrow path, close to the wall, led down to the edge of the stream. Down this path my turkeys often went for water.

A few days after Pullet's death three of them were missing, and I went to the trough in search of them. Walking in careless child fashion, I almost stepped off a hundred feet in sheer height; for the Leaning Tower had fallen out into the stream, carrying with it the sloping bank of soil and stone, and leaving a bold cliff exposed.

There was nothing for me to do, if I wished to enter the trough, but to go half a mile farther up the stream, where another path led down. I hurried on, and ere long was at the bottom of the trough, searching for my turkeys. I reached the place where my tower lay, amid tons of scattered debris, sprawling across the stream. It had fallen diagonally, in such a way as to turn the stream out of its course and, to some extent, to dam it and deepen the water upon the upper side.

Stepping from boulder to boulder and keeping near the wall, I struck at length a stretch of turf and gravel that led easily up on the fallen mass. I climbed it in order to see if my turkeys were in sight on the other side. Not seeing them, I picked my way down to the level of the stream again.

In a bed of gravelly sand, where the stream had run deep before the presnt obstruction had turned it into another course, I saw several of Pullet's queer tracks. She had visited this place, then, after the tower fell. I stooped and looked at the tracks closely, thinking to myself that they were the last tracks of hers that I should ever see.

At the bottom of one of these tracks a pebble had been pressed down into the wet sand by Pullet's weight. Aimlessly I picked up a piece of silvered stone and dug the pebble out. It was a nugget of gold! Remembering what grandpa had said about finding more gold where Pullet had found hers, I fell to searching the gravel bed minutely. I poked up quite a number of the yellow stones, and in my eagerness to report my find to grandpa I quite forgot about my missing tur-

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keys, and started homeward, carrying the nuggets carefully in my apron. As I passed again over the mound of earth which clung about the tower's uprooted base I looked up at the face of the cliff so recently laid bare. I saw there streaks of glistening quartz and veins of an unknown ore and one great yellow seam of gleaming gold that looked as if it had been melted and poured down into a wedge-shaped fissure, it was so bright and pure.

Talk about "miners' frenzy!" I know what it is, for I have felt it; and never in my life do I expect to feel again so strange and delightful an exaltation. My feet were like wings. Down the loose mound of turf and shale, from boulder to boulder, across the dammed waters of the stream, and up the steep path to the green earth above they flew with me, bearing to grandpa the news of my wonderful discovery.

Gasping and panting, I came to him. I showed him the small treasure in my apron, and told him about poor Pullet's tracks in the gravel bed.

Grandpa could scarcely believe that the yellow vein I had seen was actually gold, but the next day an expert who came over from Oroville pronounced it genuine. The news spread far and wide; and next week grandpa was offered twenty thousand dollars for our little home, and a percentage of all the mine should yield above a certain amount.

"I am an old man," said grandpa, "and I cannot work this property. I wish to leave it, so that it shall be of the best advantage to this little girl and my daughter in the East. I will accept your offer, and Nora shall name the mine!"

I named it, of course, the "Pullet Mine;" for had not Pullet discovered it? Within a little time we went back to Ohio, where grandpa lived in peace and comfort to his ninetieth year, close beside his loved daughter.

The marine problem from a commercial standpoint is a serious one. It now seems probable that the Japanese ships will carry a large amount of the growing trade between Japan and America. It is intimated that Japanese ships will carry the United States mail across the Pacific Ocean. There is as yet no law of business which will resist the law of cheapness when combined with efficiency. Either the United States must grant a ship subsidy or the American ships will be compelled to hire cheaper labor or go out of business. That the trade between America and the Orient is likely to assume vast proportions in the next decade is no longer a probability. It is practically a certainty. We think, little as we like subsidies, that the American shipping interest should in some way be sustained. It is not improbable that as soon as any foreign line of vessels gets complete control of the trade the rates will be fixed by what the traffic will bear.

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